

# Tex Williams, Pickin' White Gold

Down in the place where I call home I&#039;ve been workin&#039; my fingers to the bone  
Pickin&#039; white gold pickin&#039; white gold  
All day long in that Louisiana sun pickin&#039; and a pullin&#039; white cotton by the ton  
Pickin&#039; white gold pickin&#039; white gold  
I fill my sack and I put it on my shoulder then I go away again  
But old man cotton won&#039;t let me make a nickel till I take it to the gin  
So I bent my back till I feel it&#039;s gonna break  
Try to thinkin&#039; how much I&#039;m gonna make  
Pickin&#039; white gold pickin&#039; white gold

There&#039;s a little girl that I call Nellie all day she works alongside of me  
Pickin&#039; white gold pickin&#039; white gold  
Her lips are soft as a cotton in her hand side by side we&#039;re makin&#039; our plans  
Pickin&#039; white gold pickin&#039; white gold  
There&#039;s a little house with a little solid ground make a mighty pretty home  
All we lead is little money down we could call it our Rome  
So I can&#039;t rest till I get through I need the money for what it can do  
Pickin&#039; white gold pickin&#039; white gold pickin&#039; white gold pickin&#039; white gold  
Pickin&#039; white gold (pickin&#039; white gold) pickin&#039; white gold